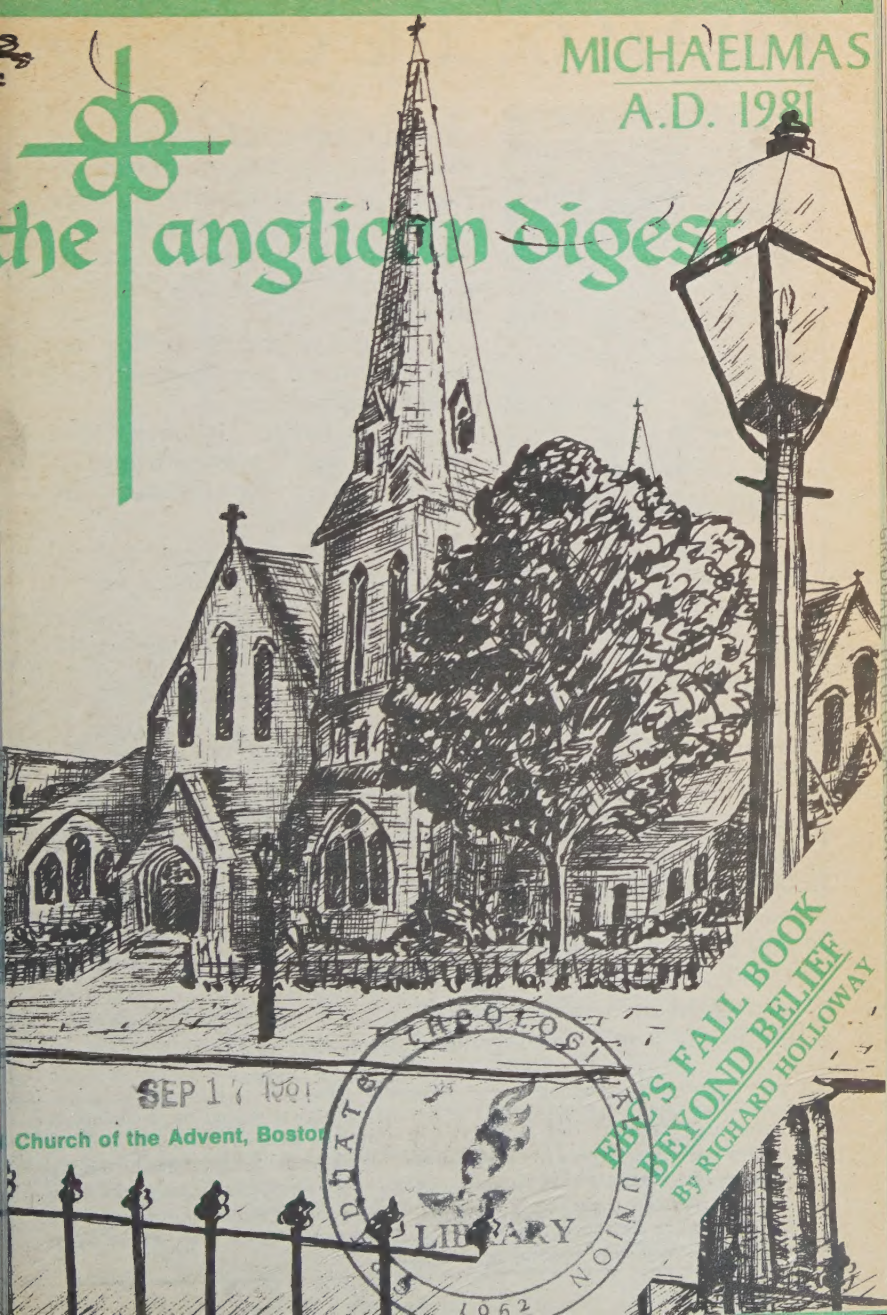


MICHAELMAS
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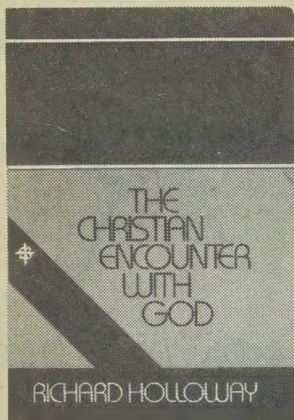
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Church of the Advent, Boston



FEB'S FALL BOOK
BEYOND BELIEF
BY RICHARD HOLLOWAY

CREAM OF THE CROP



THE REALITIES of today's world — its demands and its disappointments, its highs and its heartbreaks — bring many to a spiritual crossroads: breaking completely with faith or, courageously plunging in, deepening it substantially.

For manifold and compelling reasons we all need to go beyond belief to its innermost Source.

Hence Fr Richard Holloway's newest book is well timed and named — *Beyond Belief: The Christian Encounter With God*.

Personal and absorbing, it lifts the reader out of conventional Christianity while still remaining faithful to it. Further, it stresses the rewarding adventure of "encounter"—whether it be antagonistic or agreeable — to personally meet, know, and embrace the God of creation who at the same time is the Bishop of our souls.


Along with the Holloway book as the EBC autumnal selection we are distributing a smaller volume, the Society of St Margaret's centennial history, *The House Of My Pilgrimage*. We suggested it

Beyond Belief is acquired by EBC members at a savings of \$2.50 over the publisher's price. Additional copies may be ordered by member at \$7.00, including postage. *The House of My Pilgrimage*, \$3.50 postpaid, must be ordered directly from the Society of St Margaret, 17 Louisburg Sq, Boston 02108.

to the Sisters as an appropriate companion to the latest tome from the rector of Boston's Church of the Advent, the parish with which they have been closely identified since coming to the U S in the 1870's. It is a present to EBC readers from the Sisters. And like many good and treasured gifts, both are something of an import: the Society stems from England, Fr Holloway is a Scot.

(Continued on inside back cover)

Cover: Banded in the green of the year's longest liturgical season, the pen-and-ink drawing of Boston's Church of the Advent is by Jean Kennedy Holloway, wife of Advent's new rector who is also author of EBC's Book-of-the-Season. She also did the sketch of our centerfold of St Margaret's Convent, no easy task as the summer foliage obscured both the plain corner structure as well as the quaintly bow-fronted old houses to which the convent has expanded. TAD welcomes what may well be a first — drawings by a wife, book by her husband!



the anglican digest

some things old
many things new
most things borrowed
everything true

A FEAST OF ANGELS

OVERLASTING God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; Mercifully grant that, as thy holy Angels always do thee service in heaven, so, by thy appointment, they may succour and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. —Collect for St Michael and All Angels (29 September), traceable to Gregorian Sacramentary, 780, and Sarum Missal, 1075.

BESIDES matter, God has made a whole spiritual world — a world invisible to our physical eyes because it *has* no matter and our eyes can see only material things. All about us, however, is an invisible world. We know little of it except that it is inhabited by beings both living and spiritual whom God made. We call them “angels.” We do not know how many there are, but some of the Church’s great scholars have taught that there are nine “choirs” or grades of angels and that each of us has a special guardian angel appointed by God.

As for the material world, everything in creation belongs to a definite class or grade of matter. A rock is part of “mineral nature”; a tree, of “vegetable nature”; a dog, “animal nature.” An angel belongs to the “angelic nature.” A being of angelic nature has no material body as man has and when we see pictures of angels we must remember that the artist

was merely envisioning how an angel would look if angels had bodies. The creature with an angelic nature is a real being with a mind and a power of choosing which we call "will."

Beings belonging to one grade of nature do not suddenly attain rank in another grade of nature. We do not go into the garden in the morning to find that, during the night, a rock has become a rose, or that a cabbage has turned into a kitten. No person ever took a nap to wake up a geranium or giraffe.

No matter how good we have been on earth, we shall never become angels when we die. Death does not mean that we altogether change from one nature to another. When one has achieved holiness, one is called a saint because saints are perfected human beings and, despite their human natures, are close to God. There is not, however, the slightest possibility of our ever becoming angels.

When God made the angels, they were all good. When they were made, every angel was fine, beautiful, a lovely spiritual being who received life and power from God and used that life and power only in serving God and in obeying

his commands. [Some were sent to earth — for angel means messenger.]

Astonishingly, one of the lovely creatures, named Lucifer or Satan, began to think of self and of rebelling. His was the sin of pride which led to disobedience, for he said, "I shall do what I please no matter what God wants." A great many angels followed Satan in his prideful, disobedient attitude and they rebelled against God in heaven itself. The rebellion was put down by God and by the angels who remained loyal to Him, led by Michael the Archangel. "There was war in heaven," Scripture reports. Satan and his followers were cast out from God's presence. Thus the angels who sinned became devils. That did not, however, change their nature. The devil and his evil spirits are still angels. They have the angelic "nature" although they are bad and evil.

Indeed, Satan and his bad angels are *still* in rebellion against God. In the spiritual world great warfare is always going on between good and evil, between the holy angels and the evil angels. Satan is so earnest that he is always seeking to get men to fight on his side. The

FR JAMES B. SIMPSON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

FR H. L. FOLAND, FOUNDER (1958-1980)

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more warriors he has, the more he prevails. When we sin, we put ourselves on the side of Satan, assisting him in waging war against God. When we do right, we are on the side of God and good. —*Tad-*

dled from Fr Wilfred Hotaling, Rector, Epiphany, Concordia, Diocese of Western Kansas [As TAD went to press, it learned of Fr Hotaling's death during the summer.]

Around the throne of God . . .

LORD, give thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

—John Mason Neale, 1842

SPECIES OF CHRISTIANS

WE HAVE all heard of C and E Christians — those who join the Church in its worship at Christmas and Easter. They are much rarer, but I have known a couple of A W and G F Christians — those who celebrate just Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. Perhaps one group is caught up in the “thrill of victory” while the other enjoys “the agony of defeat.”

Some other groups of collective Christians are:

K&F — Knife and Fork folks who appear only at church suppers.

SS — Those who participate in Sunday School but never worship.

HM&D — The hatch, match, and dispatch crowd who are seen at

baptisms, weddings and funerals.

WO — Those who join in Worship Only and cannot be lured into Education, Labor or Fellowship.

CW — The Church Worker whose Christian work is all work and no play.

SK — Those who Send the Kids. There is evidence of their existence but no visible proof.

The Family of God is a large family and there is room for all those selective Christians and many others. However, may we suggest that a more rounded, more filled-out life in Christ can be of benefit?

—Fr Richard Moses, Rector, Christ Church, Collinsville, Diocese of Springfield

HOW ADVENT SEES ITSELF



THE MISSION of the Church of the Advent is to teach the faith and to administer the sacraments of the Catho-

lic Church handed down to us through Anglican tradition and informed by the spirit of the Oxford Movement. . . . In the Eucharist the Church invisible is united with the Church visible, and Boston reaches to the City of God.

The parish was founded [on the First Sunday in Advent] in 1844, eleven years after Keble preached the Assize Sermon, at the peak of the Tractarian controversy. Our original members were troubled by desiccated, feelingless worship . . . and by the indignities endured by poor people who could not afford pew rents. . . . When the Bishop of Massachusetts publicly rebuked Fr Croswell, the first rector, for Roman excesses (he knelt facing an altar surmounted by a plain gilded cross), the Catholic purpose and resolution of the parish deepened. With the passing of time daily celebrations of the Eucharist were commenced, and the Advent has become known for the beauty of its ceremonial and excellence of its music.

Sensitive to the dangers of a potentially hostile environment, the original members organized themselves into a self-perpetuating corporation of not more than 20, reserving to themselves the deciding votes about major parish matters. . . . [but] in recent years has left most decisions to the Vestry, a third of which is named by the communicants at large.

. . . With changing times the relationship with the Bishop of Massachusetts has become increasingly cordial. In the present Diocesan and Suffragan, Advent has not only understanding friends but stalwart supporters.

. . . The current budget allows the expenditure of about \$300,000 annually. [Target for Fall '81: nearer to \$400,000.] Endowment income provides 56 per cent of the sum. About 300 pledges provided another 40 per cent; the balance comes from miscellaneous contributions. ["We are trying to reach the break-even point in this canvass," according to the present rector, "so that what is given equals the endowment income."]

The rector is president *ex officio* of the corporation of the Advent School and as such works closely with its headmaster and officers.

Founded in 1961 and neighboring the church, it provides elementary education not only for Beacon Hill children but also for those in surrounding areas. Its 105 pupils are racially mixed, and many non-Episcopal and non-Christian families are represented, though all attend daily chapel and the weekly school Mass.

... The congregation of more than 900 communicants [only Trinity, Copley Sq, is larger, listing 1300] with about half living in greater Boston and another 250 in the suburbs and beyond. There are about 200 families (in addition to individuals). . . . We are diverse. We are old, we are young, we are married, we are not married, we live at various places and worship at different hours. We are veterans of the parish, we are newcomers. We have chosen the Advent, sensible of the transcendental beauty of her worship, as a center for which to strive for Christian lives.



In times of happiness or personal catastrophe it is at her altar that each of us is sustained. Here we are bound together in the joy of the sacraments administered, the faith professed, the preaching heard, and the liturgy shared.

... That we can continue as an Episcopal parish despite national discord and local diversity is because we have not lost sight of our common faith and mission. Through the grace of the Holy Spirit we may remember what is essential to us as Anglicans . . . while remaining flexible and tolerant in a kaleidoscopic world.

... Advent is a Catholic landmark in Episcopal America, and she has not been overcome with gloom or hopelessness.

... At the battle against Amalek, for Israel to prevail it was required that Moses station himself atop a hill, the rod of God aloft in his outstretched hand. When he grew tired his friends came to his aid. Exodus tells us that "Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun." With God's grace, the next rector may hold up before our eyes what this parish may be. Our mission cannot come to pass unless the rest of us have that same grace, the willingness and courage to hold up our priest and go forward with him. —The Mission of the Church of the Advent, *booklet prepared by the Corporation and Vestry of the Advent, Ash Wednesday, 1979, for the calling of a new rector*

A SCOT AMID BRAHMINS

"I *made* a contract with God that if He gave me a busy life in which He wanted me to preach, He would have to assist me in writing sermons on Fridays between 7:30 p.m. and midnight; on the whole, He has kept to that," says the Rev'd Richard Holloway, 13th rector of Boston's Church of the Advent and author of EBC's autumn selection.

It was because of that beatific bargain struck some years ago that Fr Holloway could indulge himself in a rambling talk in his study one recent Saturday—and amiably so, even though he usually counts the last day of the week as time away from his desk.

He had risen as usual at 5:45, made his daily run along the Charles River from 6 to 6:35, showered and shaved, breakfasted on tea and toast at 7, gone into the Church for private prayers at 7:15, read the Morning Office at 8 with his clergy and a good handful of lay folk, and had a quick glance at the Boston *Globe*.

Ahead lay the noon Eucharist (it is also at noon on Tuesdays, otherwise at 6 pm), some calls at Massachusetts General Hospital, and a round of pre-Sunday chores that is the lot of many a rector. He expected to return by 5:45 to join

clergy and again a handful of laity for daily Evening Prayer.

At odd moments on that Saturday or any other day, Holloway anticipates opportunities for reading the one or two paperbacks he has usually slipped in a coat-pocket; in addition he has "two or three others going simultaneously at home." (A current favorite: George Nichol's *Holiness* from Darton, Longman.) A membership in Boston's Athenaeum is a prized gift *ex officio* and he regularly uses its library.

Another bookish preoccupation is regular reviewing for London's *Church Times*. "They come in clumps," Holloway observes, thumbing through a recently received SCM paperback reprint of Schweitzer's classic *Quest of the Historical Jesus*. ("It led to the existentialism of Bultmann and to the transcendentalism of Barth," he was to write of the book with characteristic theological comprehensiveness.)

"I am a compulsive reader and asking me *when* I find the time is really like asking an alcoholic *when* he finds time to drink," he says. "If I don't read, I get the shakes!"

At the day's end, he reserves a final half-hour for meditative ma-

terial, stretched out in a lounge chair rather than reading in bed.

Besides the wide range of reading, another happy task is doing a quarterly column, *American Newsletter*, also for *CT*. "When churches over here are searching for rectors or dioceses are electing bishops, they put the candidates through a selection process that seems designed to sift out anyone but the Archangel Gabriel," he recently wrote.

Turning to his exercise routine, Holloway classifies himself "as a runner, *not* a jogger, because I was doing it long before it became a fad." And, he adds, "If America is a land of crazy things, at least it is a healthy craze."

Faithful to his running, the 6'2" cleric keeps his weight at 11½ stone (163 pounds) but is not always clad in the black suit that has long been the distinguishing mark of Anglo-Catholic clergy.

"I tend to buy dark slacks and odd jackets off the rack in Filene's basement," he explains, "thus making myself a proper Bostonian."

The second of three children of a Glasgow factory-worker, Richard Frederick Holloway was born 26 Nov 1933. He was brought up in St Mungo's Episcopal Parish, Alexandria, a small town just south of Loch Lomond. It is a background that places him comfortably alongside the present incumbents at

York and Canterbury who also have distinguished themselves as sons of working class families in the provinces.

Unlike the Archbishops, Holloway's vocation seems to have been developing as early as 14 when he went to Kelham, the great Nottinghamshire mansion that was for years the House of the Sacred Mission. The order's founder, Fr Herbert Kelly, SSM, was then well into his 90s, an educational and theological genius who had propounded the belief that the children of the poor had as much right to priestly training as the sons of the Victorian middle class.

"It was more than 'the making of a priest,' " Holloway recalls. "It gave one a lasting approach to theology, a radical catholicity that stressed thinking for one's self and not 'following the pack.' Its sudden closing in 1972 was one of the great tragedies of the Anglican Communion and a weakening of the Church of England."

Kelham's well chosen pattern was for some 30 boys of ages 15 to 18 to finish their schooling, "do their national service," and return for seminary studies. Holloway joined the Scots Guards, later becoming a drillmaster with the Royal Artillery in Wales. On being discharged



he became one of some 70 postulants who took the daily cold showers and worshipped in the glorious chapel that oddly contrasted as part of what were both essential elements in Kelham's thoroughly monastic discipline.

A link with Kelham continued when Holloway became secretary for two years to the Rt Rev Richard Roseveare, SSM, V Bishop of Accra, in western equatorial Africa. (Accra's last English-born diocesan, 1956-68, he is remembered from the 10th Lambeth Conference for his Kelham habit made up in purple, a stocky figure nearing the end of a 12-year episcopate marked by unyielding opposition to apartheid.)

For Holloway, a lasting advantage of being a bishop's secretary is that he taught himself touch-typing. He has ever since hunched over a series of battered portables, hammering out articles, reviews, sermons — and books, three of which became EBC selections: *Let God Arise*, Fall '72; *A New Heaven*, Spring '79; and now comes *Beyond Belief: The Christian Encounter With God*, Fall '81. TAD's seasonal Cream of the Crop review may be found inside the front cover of this issue.

Holloway was graduated from Edinburgh Theological College, the seminary of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and made deacon in 1959. He was priested in 1960 by

Francis Hamilton Moncreiff, Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, 1952-74.

Newly ordained, his immediate destiny was two Glasgow parishes — a curacy at St Ninian's until 1960 followed by a few years as priest-in-charge of SS Margaret and Mungo — again encountering the name of the patron saint of his boyhood parish. (A missionary to Scotland in 603, Mungo is also honored as the diocesan patron; the name is a diminutive for pets from the formal name Kentigern.)

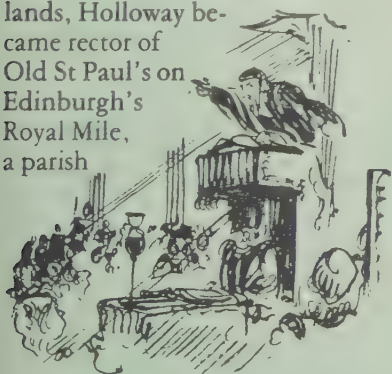
It was while he was on a visit to New York's Union Theological Seminary in 1961 that he met Wisconsin-born Jean Kennedy, whose father, a Presbyterian minister of Scottish descent, was secretary of Union. An alumna of the College of Wooster, in Ohio, she was then studying at Teacher's College, Columbia. Their Nuptial Eucharist was celebrated at St Ninian's, Glasgow, by Bishop Moncreiff, on 23 April 1963. The same year Holloway qualified for a BD from the University of London.

Having lived in Glasgow's Gorbals for seven years, Holloway became prominent in campaigning for better housing in Glasgow — and Scotland as a whole. In 1965 he founded the Christian Action Housing Association to renovate old tenement property for rental to homeless families.

Then, for Holloway, a change from activism to academics: he returned to Union via an ecumenical fellowship to study for an STM.

Looking back on the late 60s on Manhattan's Morningside Heights, Holloway recalls the era's campus unrest while he worked away on his thesis (it centered around the theology of mission) and took the subway downtown to 6 am Tuesdays to be celebrant at St Mary the Virgin. He had been introduced to its rector by an Anglican convert and fellow Scot, Dr John Macquarrie, Union's Professor of Systematic Theology and since 1970 Oxford's Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity.

Returning to his native lowlands, Holloway became rector of Old St Paul's on Edinburgh's Royal Mile, a parish



dating from 1689 when Episcopalians were evicted from St Gile's Cathedral.

Again championing the poor as he had in Glasgow, Holloway founded Castle Rock to provide for many homeless and badly-housed

in Scotland's capital. He also lectured in Christian ethics at his alma mater.

How did he happen to be considered for Advent?

"Well," he laughs, "the Anglo-Catholic underworld isn't very large!" Still, the Holloways and their three children "felt a strong tug" towards staying in Scotland and it was not until Advent's Committee (seeking a successor to the late George Harris Collingwood) had twice extended its call that the commitment was finally made in February, 1980.

"I decided that God as well as the rest of us had a finger in this pie," Holloway concludes.

The Boston rectory turned out to be surprisingly similar to the house in Edinburgh so they quickly settled in. The simultaneous arrival of two full-time curates enabled the clergy to begin as a fresh team.

The Holloway schedule nowadays includes a Wednesday Eucharist at St Margaret's Convent, keeping an eye on Advent's multi-racial day school that runs through the seventh grade, and dropping in on the coffee house in the library that opens off the nave. It soon will be a center for Amnesty International which works for the release of prisoners of conscience; parishioners also gather to assemble Advent's enterprising new magazine, *The Beacon*, —————>

In Holloway's first year at Advent there has been a fair amount of interior and exterior refurbishing; the rector is glad, for instance, that he has been able to restore permanently a dozen brass candlesticks to Advent's towering main altar. He is glad his people have settled down to the 1928 Prayer Book at 8, to Rite II at 9, and Rite I at 11 o'clock. "For us, Rite I is the prevailing mood," he adds. He believes the congregation is showing quiet but steady growth.

Meanwhile, Holloway is able to spend some time away, mainly on preaching missions to other

parishes. He was in South Africa in March, gave the sermon at Edinburgh's Petertide ordinations, plans to go to Australia in 1983, and also for '83 is preparing a major paper for the Longborough Conference marking the Oxford Movement's 150th anniversary.

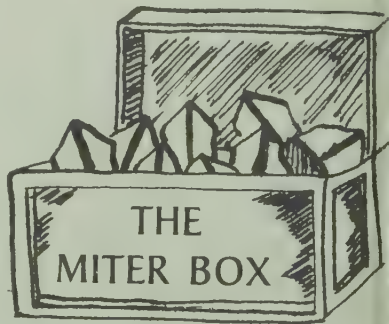
"I am always glad to come home to Advent," he concludes. "It is full of strong-minded, highly educated people who quite often disagree among themselves. There's a lot of creative tension around. Most of all I want Advent to remain a great shrine of prayer where the liturgy is celebrated with all the glory we can command."



Elections & Appointments:

Eustace Kamanyire, 46, sometime Principal of Bishop Tucker Theological College, Mukono, Uganda, who narrowly escaped death during Idi Amin's regime: III Bishop of Ruwenzori.

Clarence Nicholas Coleridge, 50, born in Georgetown, Guyana, and educated at Howard, Drew and General, whose parish ministry has included St Philip's, Harlem; St George's, Brooklyn; and St Mark's, Bridgeport; and *Bradford Hastings*, 61, Long Island rectory-born graduate of Union College and VTS who held cures in Massachusetts, Minnesota and Missouri before going to Christ Church, Greenwich, Diocese of Connecti-



cut, in 1965: Bishops Suffragan of Connecticut, an historic first when the oldest US diocese elected the two suffragans the same day. (Christ Church, Greenwich — often remembered as the last parish to employ a butler in the rectory — also gave the episcopate the V Bishop of Pittsburgh, Robert Ap-

pleyard, 63, (via Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach) who is now retiring.

Douglas Hambidge, 54, elected VII Bishop of Caledonia in 1969 and translated to be VII Bishop of New Westminster last year: Archbishop of British Columbia, a metropolitan jurisdiction which includes 75,000 Canadian Anglicans in six dioceses spread over an area of half-a-million square miles. *Tetsuro Nishimura*, 55, who holds degrees from the University of Chicago and Trinity College, Toronto, most recently principal of Rikkyo High School: Bishop of Tokyo.

Donald George Snelgrove, 56, Archdeacon of Riding since 1970, sometime Rector of Cherry Burton: Bishop of Hull, Suffragan to York, to succeed Geoffrey John Paul, translated to be VI Bishop of Bradford.

Philip Welsford Richmond Russell, 61, who in the last 15 years has served successively as Suffragan to Cape Town, 1966-70; I Bishop of Port Elizabeth, 70-74; and VII Bishop of Natal: IX Archbishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan in succession to Bill Burnett, lean and lanky Primate in South Africa's oldest see (1847) since 1974. (Other contenders in the two-day elective assembly were Michael Nuttall, VIII Bishop of Pretoria, and Desmond Tutu, who was briefly Bishop of Lesotho before

becoming General Secretary of the South African Council of Churches, a post in which he has been controversial but widely admired and who at 50 is regarded as Russell's sure successor in eight years.)

William Gilbert Wilson, 63, author of *Faith of An Anglican*, Dean of Connor since 1976: Bishop of Kilmore, Elphin and Ardagh in succession to Edward Moore, 75, retired.

Geoffrey Parke-Taylor, 63, former Suffragan of Huron: Suffragan of Toronto, bringing to five the Suffragans serving the largest Anglican diocese in North America.

Trevor Huddleston, CR, 68, Archbishop of the Indian Ocean, a task at which he is already at work in the midst of his island province, where his see city (Mauritius) is literally a sea city, succeeding Ambrose Reeves, who died in December; a beloved monk-bishop, Archbishop Huddleston is a veteran of apartheid arbitrations with Johannesburg officialdom; he was head of the Masai Diocese in Southern Tanzania (1960) before a stint as Bishop of Stepney, one of the five suffragans to London, (1968).

William Henry Marmion, 73, retired Bishop of Southwestern Vir-



ginia: Interim Warden of the College of Preachers at the Cathedral Church of SS Peter and Paul in the City and Diocese of Washington.

John Austin Baker, 53, the Speaker's Chaplain and Rector of London's ultra-fashionable St Margaret's, Winchester, the first non-Roman priest to preach in Armagh's Roman Catholic Cathedral, and sometime Fellow and Chaplain to Corpus Christi College, Oxford: 75th Bishop of Salisbury, succeeding George Reindorp, scheduled to retire in September.

Andrew Alexander Kenny Graham, 51, Bishop of Bedford, Suffragan to St Albans since 1977 and sometime Fellow and Tutor at Worcester College, Oxford, whose hobby, hill-walking, was highly appropriate when he was Warden of Lincoln Theological College: Bishop of Newcastle in succession to Ronald Bowlby, 55, who also lists hill-walking as a recreation.

Willie Pwaisiho, 33, presently Dean of Honiara, Solomon Islands: Bishop of Malaita to succeed Leonard Alufurai, retired.

Blake Kerina: Assistant Bishop of Aipo Rongo, Papua New Guinea.



Consecrations:

Howell Arthur John Witt, 62, Mirfield-educated, III Bishop of Northwest Australia since 1965, an English curate for four years before migrating down under in 1949 to

be chaplain of the experimental rocket range at Woomera: VII Bishop of Bathurst, New South Wales.

George Arthur Hearn, 40, Rector of Kyabram, Diocese of Bendigo: IX Bishop of Rockhampton, Province of Queensland, Australia, in apostolic succession to John Basil Rowland Grindrod, retired.



Enthronements & Investitures:

Leonard Ashton, 66, I Bishop of Cyprus and the Gulf, six years after his appointment and in his recently re-hallowed Cathedral Church of St Paul in Nicosia. (The Bishop went through the ceremony with his arm in a cast, the result of an auto accident on the eve of his diocesan synod.)



Translations & Transfers:

Allan Alexander Read, 57, Suffragan of Toronto since 1972: IX Bishop of Ontario, succeeding Henry Hill, 60, resigned.



Retirements & Resignations:

Arthur Hamilton Butler, 69, Bishop of Connor since 1969 and before that of Tuam, Killala and Achonry (1958-69), whose first Father-in-God, one Murrough O'Niol, took office in 1032.

Current: *John Paul Burrough*, 65, VII Bishop of Mashonaland in Central Africa for more than a dozen years (his appointment coincided with Lambeth '68, causing

him to have to wait for the duration of the Conference before setting eyes for the first time on his dusty diocese); a professional rowing coach and a wartime prisoner of the Japanese; he later was a mission priest in Korea and to emigres in Birmingham; at Lambeth '78, he took the episcopate to task for leaving women's ordination in the hands of the newly formed Anglican Consultative Council which he deserted after its narrow 24-22 vote that the Bishop of Hong Kong might change ancient Church custom; *Albert William Hillestad*, 57, after eight years as VIII Bishop of Springfield (Illinois); his earlier cures included the rectorship of Chicago's Church of the Ascension (1951-57); *Colin O'Brien Winter*, 52, once strapping, Oxford-educated VII Bishop of Damaraland since 1968 who has run his diocese from exile in London during most of his episcopate due to his strong support for Namibian independence; he suffered a serious heart attack in January.

Honors:

Robert Runcie, 102nd Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor of Divinity, a crimson hood rather than the gold and purple earlier envisioned (TADII81) from Sewanee's seal; Presiding Bishop John Allin (Sewanee '43) proudly pointed out that His Grace wore it the fol-

lowing Sunday morning when he was seated as "first among equals" with 26 fellow primates in Washington Cathedral. Runcie also visited Seabury and General but as the latter's Dean put it at welcoming ceremonies, "the only way an honorary degree could have been awarded would be to throw it at him as he went roaring through."

Other honorary degrees: from Kentucky: *Frank Stanley Cerveney*, VI Bishop of Florida; from Virginia: *Christopher Fitzsimons Allison*, Coadjutor of South Carolina; *Hassan Barnaba Deqhani-Tafti*, Bishop in Iran (in exile); *George Nelson Hunt*, XI Bishop of Rhode Island; and *Musa Kahurananga*, Archbishop of Tanzania; from General: *Titus Nakamichi*, Presiding Bishop of the Holy Catholic Church in Japan; and *William Louis Stevens*, VI Bishop of Fond du Lac; from Huron College, London, Ontario: *Clarence Malcolm Mitchell*, Suffragan of Niagara; from Seabury-Western, *O'Kelley Whitaker*, Coadjutor of Central New York; from Trinity College, Toronto: *James Charles MacLeod*, Suffragan of the Arctic; from Vancouver School of Theology: *Thomas David Somerville*, Archbishop of British Columbia; from Wycliffe College,



Toronto: *Arthur Durrant Brown* and *Basil Tonks*, Suffragans of Toronto.

And from the Queen's Birthday Honors List: *Robert Edward Davies*, IX Bishop of Tasmania, Companion of the British Empire (CBE); *Felix Raymond Arnott*, IX Archbishop of Brisbane, 1970-80, Companion of SS Michael and George (CMG); and *Manu Augustus Bennett*, recently retired Bishop for the Maori People of New Zealand, also the CMG.



Deaths:

Richard Henry Baker, 83, Virginia-born and -educated, who held the Croix de Guerre for courageous service under fire in World War I and beginning in 1924 brought the same qualities to his years as a priest, especially as Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Baltimore, Diocese of Maryland, 1931-

51, and then as North Carolina's coadjutor, 1951-65; in Baltimore. *Austin Pardue*, 81, IV Bishop of Pittsburgh (1944-68), Chicago-born priest in Chicago, Minnesota, Iowa, and Western New York [a sermon in the 1940s inspired an American-born countess to leave her Manhattan townhouse to become the Retreat House of the Redeemer until recently for 30 years directed by the Community of St Mary]; in Pittsburgh.

Henry Hunt, 79, sometime professional journalist, a leader in human rights issues and Suffragan of Toronto, 1959-71; in Canada.

Kilmer Myers, 65, controversial VI Bishop of California and successor to the even more controversial James Pike; in San Francisco.

Eric Austin Gowing, 68, retired Bishop of Auckland, 1960-78; in Auckland.



A PRAYER FOR MY RECTOR

O LORD, let me be a pillar of strength to hold him up, and not a thorn in his flesh to sap his strength, nor a burden on his back to pull him down. Let me support him without striving to possess him. Let me lift his hands without placing shackles around them. Let me give him help that he may devote more time in working for the salvation of others and less time in gratifying my vanity. Let me work for him as the minister of all the members, and not compel him to spend precious time bragging on me. Let me strive to be happy as he serves me *less* and others *more*. Amen.

—A cathedral parish bulletin

A BACKWARD LOOK AT THE BAPTISM



AD HAS learned for itself a fact that many of its readers know well: what we sometimes approach with

trepidation may be far better received than we could ever imagine — or, in the words of a beloved collect, “more than either we desire or deserve.”

Such has been the case with our Eastertide issue's full-color centerfold reproduction of Julius Stewart's 1892 painting, *The Baptism*, from the Ahmanson Gallery of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. It has since been reported that its value exceeds \$100,000.

TAD was on experimental, pioneering ground in desiring to reduce the 7-by-10 foot painting to its 7-by-10 inch pages of rough newsprint. We moved ahead, however, encouraged by the successful reproduction of the St Francis mural in the last issue of 1980 (inspired by EBC's winter selection, *The Francis Book*) and the sharply defined interior of Thomas Merton's Episcopal parish (as described in *Merton: A Biography*, EBC Spring '81), our Lenten centerfold picture. There was, frankly, a fear that the big old painting's delicate, pastel shades might be re-

jected as overly quaint, sentimental, precious, passe, or even decadent.

Come to think of it, some such fleeting reaction may have been with the Archbishop of Canterbury in Chicago one day last May when he said of TAD, “You may be a *bit* gothic!”

Whatever the case, TAD's general readership appears to have fallen on *The Baptism* as the authentic Americana that it is, even though painted in Paris. Letter after letter has praised its gentle detail and aura of sanctity. Some even ordered extra copies for framing. Perhaps the best proof-of-the-pudding, from a technical viewpoint, was that our printer himself was pleased with his staff's painstaking work.

Meanwhile, we've stood by what we believe to be clergy consensus that baptisms should take place in Church from which we will, God willing, also be buried — being, for us, like the Saviour, a highly personal Alpha and Omega.

Hence, we restate our conviction that, when practical, baptism should be part of the Eucharist so that the whole congregation participates in renewal of its baptismal vows as well as giving the new-born a hearty welcome into Christ's

flock. It may be the experience of many that some youngsters are even more vocal than a church full of the faithful. The loving patience relevant to the matter is well expressed by Fr George DeGraff, rector emeritus of Grace, Galesburg, Ill (Diocese of Quincy) who writes that "ten babies wailing like banshees did not dampen (pun intended) my enthusiasm for public baptism in general and on Easter Eve in particular."

Nonetheless, God does not comfort complacency and just when we thought we were championing public baptism as modern assertion of ancient theology, we were brought up short in a letter from Mrs James Beeler of Wilmington, NC (Diocese of East Carolina). She has the grace of home baptism *and* rubrical scholarship, pointing out that "you do not mention, and perhaps have not looked to see, that the 1892 Book of Common Prayer has a lengthy section exhorting Churchmen against home baptism. That species of irony would have been a splendid addition to your frivolous disdain."

Well, we didn't mean disdain — we merely reported the disdain if not the prejudice of *New York Times* art critic Hilton Kramer — but we did locate the 1892 rubric and learned, as a dividend, that it encouraged that baptism take place "on the first or second

Sunday next after birth or other Holy-day falling between. . . ."

Whatever the rubrics, we are aware that in the 1890s and for years thereafter the ordeal of childbirth was, indeed, an ordeal; many mothers could not have attended if



a baptism did not take place at home; moreover, the high infant mortality rate made most home baptisms imperative.

"In some cases, the church came to the baby," Mrs Eber Davis Jr of Schnectady, NY (Diocese of Albany), reminds us. "There's piety there, some are on their knees," chimes in Mrs Content Kirkendall of Houston (Diocese of Texas), recalling that three of those present for her home baptism were cousins of Henry Yates Satterlee, I Bishop of Washington, 1896-1903.

"The obviously ill woman was being accommodated by the clergy," agrees Mrs Violet Gordon of Buffalo (Diocese of Western New York). "The elderly gentleman beside her is probably the attending physician."

Random guesses at identifying many of the 21 persons the artist portrays have been rife. An imaginative conversation, for instance, was scripted for the supposed Bishop in the portrait by Fr Larry Valentine of Messiah, Liberty (Diocese of West Missouri). Subsequent study of the painting during a West Coast trip clearly indicates the Victorian gentleman is wearing a heavy magenta cravat, not a clerical rabat. The latter was a gladsome discovery since—heaven forbid!—the one believed to be bishop is seen deep in conversation while the officiant perseveres with book and baby.

Regarding our belief that the cleric is wearing a tippet rather than a stole, a frequent flouting of liturgical tradition, it has come to us in a moment of charity that the tippet may be a thin purple stole he intends reversing to its white side for the post-baptismal prayers.

The tippet or stole is just one of the aspects of photographic quality that Julius Stewart

possessed. A second, seen by coming within a few inches of the painting, is that the mother

is wearing seven slender gold bracelets. Still another is that what we took to be handpainted wallpaper, as found



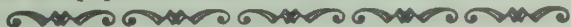
in the White House, may more likely be tapestry tailored to doors and windows.

The portrait's date, coinciding with the year of the first Prayer Book revision, created some confusion about the rite being used, a mystery now clarified by Fr Lawrence Crumb of the Diocese of Oregon. "I should think it must have been the 1789/90 edition," he writes, "since the 1892 BCP was not authorized until General Convention met late in that year [in Baltimore] and may not even have been available until the beginning of 1893."

One other point, non-religious, needs verification and that is whether the painting is actually of members of the Vanderbilt family as the museum originally believed. It is at the moment something of a genealogical mystery in the world of collectors and curators.

The area housing *The Baptism* is again open after some minor rearranging. The picture was handsomely but simply framed in gold by the dealer, and hangs on a wall of fabric painted forest green.

"Oh, *The Baptism!*," says a doorman at the Wilshire Avenue entrance, intimating that he is personally acquainted with the aristocratic family over whose portrait he has long stood guard. "I know it well! It's right up here!" □



CHEERFULNESS KEEPS BREAKING IN



THE YEAR 1980 and '81 as the spring time of the Church? Too fanciful, the reader may think. But the mood of the

Church and of Christian people in England is strangely confident, at a time when the political, economic and social prospect at home is bleak and when storm clouds gather in central and eastern Europe, and in the Middle East. There seems to have been a recovery of nerve, a renewal of trust — and of the Christian hope that God will guide His people through change and chance, calling them to be His own. The confidence shows itself in manifold ways — steadfastness and increasingly, growth in places where previously there had been decline; increases in the number of people coming forward for confirmation and in the number of communicants; a livelier interest in the faith; more persons offering themselves for ministry; the readiness and effectiveness of so many parishes in facing an increasing financial burden. . . . There is a new confidence in the leadership of the Church, which no longer seems (as it did in the storm-tossed 60s) to be up and down. Cheerfulness keeps break-

ing in. There was laughter and lightheartedness in plenty at the opening of the General Synod. . . . There were trumpets at the Synod Eucharist in Westminster Abbey, and like the prevailing mood, their sound was clear and certain.

Last year's *Preface* exulted at the prospect of Robert Runcie as Archbishop of Canterbury — "witty," it called him, "a bonny fighter, skilled in walking tightropes." Now, a year later, we have seen all these things, and so much more . . .

At Lambeth, then, a new reign has begun. But at Tooting Bec, a mile or two to the south, and across the river in Barton Street, two great figures of the mid-20th century Church of England have been folding their tents. Stockwood (VI Bishop of Southwark) retired at the end of October, after a year of celebrations ostensibly marking the 75th anniversary of the diocese but in practice a year-long fiesta in honor of a greatly loved, if sometimes infuriating, prelate. . . . He has known instinctively when to make a provocative statement, when to issue a challenge, when to march, and how to mobilize the media. . . . Bishop Gerald Ellison, for the last seven years his neighbor in London, retired in April: He,

too, is a public figure — every inch a prince of the Church when seen at a major State or ecclesiastical occasion. . . . He has preferred, or so it has seemed, to use the House of Lords as his principal political platform. He has used it to powerful effect, as sundry government ministers and ex-ministers know to their cost. . . . As he told a recent meeting of clergy, he has been close to bishops all his life; not many are left who dined (as he did as a young man) at Lambeth with Davidson [96th Archbishop of Canterbury]. The sense of the historical claims and continuity of the CofE has always been strong in him . . .

On 10 Nov 80 *The Alternative Service Book* was published. . . . The surprise was not that individuals were slipping into the nearest bookshops to buy a copy but, rather, that there were so many bulk orders from parishes. The proof of the pudding will be in the eating . . .

The CofE remains a wealthy institution, in terms both of financial and human resources. . . . There is an assured income, in

terms of investments from the generosity of past generations. . . . But it has to be faced that members have had their church-going “on the cheap” — and for the most part still have. The contrast with other Churches is marked: their members have traditionally given more generously than Anglicans. . . . [but] the evidence is that CofE people will give more if the need is explained; and that they will give more readily if it is a need that they can see, like the need to give their parson a decent stipend or to repair the roof. . . .

More generally, what is hoped for is a stimulus to fresh effort and new initiative. . . . [as] expressed in . . . [a] collect: Almighty God,/ Who sent your Holy Spirit,/ to be the life and light of your Church:/ open our hearts to the riches of his grace,/ that we may bring forth the fruits of the Spirit/in love and joy and peace;/ through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Receive every inward and outward trouble, every disappointment, pain, uneasiness, temptation, darkness, and desolation, with both thy hands, as a true opportunity and blessed occasion of dying to self, and entering into a fuller fellowship, with thy self-denying, suffering Saviour. Look at no inward or outward trouble in any other view; reject every other thought about it; and then every kind of trial and distress will become the blessed day of thy prosperity. That state is best, which exerciseth the highest faith in, and fullest resignation to God. —William Law (1686-1761)

IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE

Psalms 119:54*



BOUND together and well into their second century of mutual devotion to the Incarnate Lord are two great institutions of American Anglicanism — Boston's Church of the Advent and the Society of St Margaret serenely at home a few blocks away on leafy Louisburg Square.

It was Advent's fourth rector, Fr Charles Grafton, SSJE, who called on St Margaret's at East Grinstead, southwest of London, when Sisters were needed for what was to become the world famous Children's Hospital of Boston. The Society — founded in 1854 by Dr John Mason Neale and named for a virgin martyr of Antioch — had expanded to Aberdeen in 1863. By Holy Cross Day, 1873, the American House was formally established, recalling the cry of the Sisters' genial sea captain who sighted land with the whooping cry, "Now, Sisters, we have arove!"

Within the next few years the Sisters' work transcended Children's Hospital to include an infirmary for adults, a girls school, and an orphanage at Lowell. The Sisters then and now are at work

in several parishes besides Advent and were baking communion wafers. Exquisite vestments were a specialty, Dr Neale having valiantly reintroduced their use; the first altar frontal from SSM's School of Embroidery went to St James the Less, Philadelphia, Diocese of Pennsylvania.

Before it had been in America for a decade, the Society had settled into the first of several 5-story, adjacent red-brick residences that were to be its permanent home on Louisburg Square. President James Madison, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster had been among famous visitors to the Square; in 1860 the 19-year-old Prince of Wales had been entertained in a house on the site of the future convent. Adamses, Cabots and Lodges were the Sisters' neighbors as was the novelist Louisa Mae Alcott and a banker from whose home the singer Jenny Lind was married.

The pleasant surroundings did not for a moment overshadow the Sisters' vows of corporal mercy; from "the convent on the corner" they sent their members to nurse yellow fever victims in Memphis, smallpox patients in Bethlehem,

Pa, and wounded of the Spanish-American War.

East Grinstead, meanwhile, took on responsibilities in such diverse areas as Ceylon, South Africa, Jamaica, Wales, and the Isle of Wight.

From Louisburg Square, activities spread to Montreal in 1881; Philadelphia, 1889; Utica, NY, 1912, and Haiti in 1928 — all areas where the Sisters are still engaged. Another notable undertaking was the care of St Barnabas Hospital in the Diocese of Newark from 1881 to 1923; in New York, a completed high-rise for the elderly, St Margaret's House, honors the Society for its many years in lower Manhattan's Trinity Parish.

Besides Boston with some 50 Sisters (from the US, Canada, Haiti, and El Salvador), SSM has approximately 110 others at East Grinstead and three affiliated, largely autonomous houses. The latter are St Margaret of Scotland, at Aberdeen; St Saviour's Prior, London; and the Priory of Our Lady, Walsingham. Branches of these foundations are called de-

pendencies and while there is no Mother Superior General there are five major superiors who meet frequently.



The society's symbol, worn by associates and carved in stone above the Motherhouse door, carries the motto, "*Per Angusta Ad Augusta*" translated to mean "Through the steps to the stars" or, in a more recent interpretation, "Through the Cross to Christ."

Like other Religious, the Sisters of St Margaret have experienced a period of recollection and renewal. Outward manifestations are modifications of the familiar gray habit, in liturgy and preparation for life-vows, and a decision to assemble the Boston Sisters for two weeks annually and for a month every ten years. The program was begun in 1979 at South Duxbury, the Cape

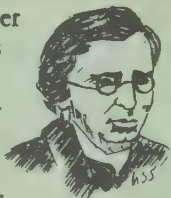
* *The House of My Pilgrimage*, the 180-page history of the American branch of the Society of St Margaret, is being distributed to EBC members as a gift that the Sisters believe is an appropriate accompaniment to EBC's Autumn selection by the rector of the parish with which the Society has always been most closely identified. Written by Sr Catherine Louise, SSM, for the 1973 Centennial, the chronicle has been updated with chapter bringing the Society to the present day and including a recent group photograph. Additional copies are available at \$3.50 from St Margaret's Convent, 17 Louisburg Sq, Boston, MA 02108. Even newer is a 71-page paperback, *Doing the Impossible*, 1855-1980, \$2.50 from St Margaret's Convent, East Grinstead, Sussex, England RH 19 3LE. [Neither publication is available from TAD.] *Centerfold*: Pen and ink sketch of US Motherhouse.





Cod house used as a summer convent since the turn of the century.

Throughout the Society, the large pectoral cross of black wood inlaid with a smaller ivory cross remains the readily identifiable sign of a Sister of St Margaret. Of the yearly observance of St Margaret's Day in July, SSM Founder



one of SSM's small army of associates (lay men and women as well as clergy) has described a commemoration that "beginning in New Zealand and Australia, the Philippines and Japan, the day moves westward marked by the offering of the Holy Eucharist and the singing of our Founder's well loved hymns in many languages."

(Of 140 written by Dr Neale, 39 are included in the American Hymnal. Best known: *Christ Is Made the*



Sure Foundation — Prince Charles' choice for his wedding.)

Interests of the American House range from highly innovative work with all ages at Port-au-Prince, Haiti (its special pride is the Holy Trinity Symphony which has some musicians from St Vincent's Home

for Handicapped Children), training of novices in picturesque white saris for the Syrian Orthodox Church, and a new building for St Monica's Nursing Home located at Roxbury, Mass, since 1905. The most recent undertaking (1975) is St Agnes House, a hostel for cancer patients in the Diocese of Lexington (Ky).

All of these works radiate from Louisburg Square with numerous visitors in and out for retreats and quiet days. A treasured,



special apostolate of the older Sisters is countless hours spent "church sitting" so that Advent can be kept open for prayer throughout the day.

"First and central is a devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," reaffirms the Society's most recent publication, "issuing in ministry to the Holy Name of Jesus in every Person." □

No doubt of the remaining 573 Episcopalians who live here and were not in Church, some were out of town, some were sick or tending the sick, and some stopped on the way to church to minister to persons who had fallen among thieves. —Fr Richard Milwee, Grace Church, Pine Bluff, Ark



The Vice President's House

A MIXED BAG

LET ME begin by telling you that George's [US Vice President George Bush] great-grandfather, James Smith Bush, was a member of Grace Church, Columbus [Diocese of Southern Ohio]. George's father, Prescott, was from St George's School in Rhode Island but Dorothy Walker Bush, George's mother, was a Presbyterian.

I was baptized and confirmed as a Presbyterian and still am a Presbyterian. Having said that, I have attended church with George for years. We were members of the First Presbyterian Church of Midland, Tex, where George was an elder. Since that time we have had our church life centered in St Martin's, Houston, [Diocese of Texas]. George has served on the vestry there and I have taught Sunday school and at St Anne's-by-the-Sea, [Kennebunkport, Diocese of Maine].

Our son George was baptized at St Anne's, is now a Presbyterian. Jeb, Neil and Marvin are Episo-

pals and Dorothy was baptized in Peking in a Protestant chapel in 1975. She spent an hour with three ministers (Presbyterian, Church of England, Baptist) — answered many questions from them through a Communist interpreter. As well as we could understand them, she was christened and became a member of the Church at the same time. They said, "Dorothy, we will love you and pray for you the rest of your life."

Jeb and his wife, Columba, were married in Austin, Tex. Our son George and his wife were married in a Methodist church in Midland, Tex, and Neil was married in the summer [of 1980] in St Anne's to Sharon. Our fourth son, Marvin, was married this past June in St James', Richmond [Diocese of Virginia].

I hope this brief background will be of interest. Jeb and Coly were married by a Roman Catholic priest and their two children have been christened in St Martin's. We are a mixed bag! —Barbara Bush



He came singing love, / He lived singing love, / He died singing love, / He rose in silence. / If the song is to continue / We must do the singing.
—Newsletter, Resurrection, Pleasant Hill, Diocese of California

EDWARD ROCHIE HARDY, RIP



FROM *The Times**: Dr Edward Rochie Hardy, the distinguished American church historian who died 26 May . . . was Johnsonian in figure and gait, and in the sudden compulsive gestures and ejaculations which so endeared him; he had a deep and robust piety and also something of Johnson's retentive memory and knowledge . . . virtually encyclopedic. He was Johnsonian, too, in the rapidity of early development. Born in 1908, he attracted widespread interest when he enrolled at Columbia at 12 and earned a bachelor's degree Phi Beta Kappa when he was 14. Years later, his arrival in town could still rate a mention in *The New Yorker*. Though American to his fingertips, he was greatly attracted to England and in 1969 [shortly before Yale Divinity School formalized its merger with Berkeley, the Episcopal seminary where Hardy had taught for 25 years] he gladly accepted a Cambridge lec-

tureship, becoming also fellow and dean of chapel at Jesus College in 1972. Though he wrote on a wide variety of topics, he was always concerned to see that in any united Church which might eventually emerge the thought and worship of the Orthodox Churches should have their due place and influence. His fluency in 11 languages was no exaggeration. He could not put a motor car in reverse but he had shrewd commonsense and the good administrator's concern for detail. Politically his sympathies were with the left. Although a bibliography of his papers is more than 20 pages, he wrote few books; if one sometimes sensed a slightly puzzled disappointment over what he had achieved, he did not allow it to spoil his sense of humor or his enjoyment of life.

From a eulogy by Dean Henry Chadwick, Christ Church, Oxford: Edward illuminated everything he touched. The story of early Christians and Byzantine Egypt has been lastingly affected by his labors and those of us who work in

* Although *The Times'* major obituaries are rarely signed, TAD has learned that Dr Hardy's was done shortly after the Hardys' arrival in England by Fr Dennis Nineham, Warden of Keble College, Oxford. Long-time colleagues, they taught together in 1964-65 at Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Diocese of Connecticut. Like most large newspapers, London's most venerable obviously keeps an advance file on prominent persons, updating their profiles with recent information at the time of death.

the field would not dream of failing to consult what he has said. With a rich knowledge of the papyri from Nile Valley rubbish heaps, he could explain how the economy of the great estates worked and how Christianity modified Egyptian life. His steel as a scholar may be illustrated by his identification of a severely damaged papyrus fragment as part of an ascetic text otherwise extant in Syriac. [But] Edward would foremost want us to remember him as a priest. That was what he cared about. High Anglican in sympathy, he treated with profound respect and affection those who came from other backgrounds and other stables. . . . It was a happy thing for us all when he and Marion decided to make their home in this place. He loved Cambridge. Cambridge loved him.

From Mrs Hardy's letter to TAD: Edward worked at grading papers for the associated theological faculties until the day he died. He had a large number of supervisions this last year and he completed all of them. Jesus College Library is housing his manuscripts and has accepted his gift of his books. The American Cowley Fathers are housing his more personal papers. □



Stewardship is what a man does after he says "I believe." —St George's, Texas City, Diocese of Texas

BURIALS

† Alfonso Bressan, 60, whose life touched millions of others through his work as supervisor of audio operations for CBS-TV; a native of Manhattan, he emerged from the US Army just as television was coming into its own and swiftly became adept at applying audio technology to television coverage of news and sports events; among his early projects were Edward R Murrow's *See It Now* as well as *Person to Person* (introducing the use of wireless microphones) and *CBS Reports* which continues; from St Paul's, Glen Cove, Diocese of Long Island.

† William Lawrence, 85, pianist and composer who coached students for work with conductor Leopold Stokowski and is credited with arranging music for *Let Us Break Bread Together*, the spiritual closely associated with singer Marian Anderson (he also served as judge for 25 years for her scholarship awards); from St Martin's, Harlem, Diocese of New York.



† Frederick Roberts Rinehart, 78, a native of Allegheny, Pa, who on graduating from Harvard in 1924 became a book salesman for the old George Doran Co but within three years founded a publishing firm with a fellow Episcopalian, John Farrar, and enlisted his mother, Mary Roberts Rinehart, as one of their best-selling authors (a prolific mystery writer, she began at 81 to re-read her own works, commenting that she was "having a wonderful time, I can't figure out who did the killing!"); besides sponsoring a notable series on the rivers of America, he also worked with Stephen Vincent Benet, Erich Fromm, and Faith Baldwin; from Heavenly Rest, Manhattan, Diocese of New York.

† Dr Richard Smith, 99, who walked out of the Harvard Yard with a *cum laude* medical degree to begin pioneering in child health (he later developed the Child Hygiene Department of Harvard's School of Public Health) and who also found time to head the American Academy of Pediatrics, to be chief physician at Boston's Childrens' Hospital as well as visiting physician to ten other health-care facilities, and to be for 21 years publications chairman of the *New England Journal of Medicine*; from Trinity Church, Boston.

† Harper Woodward, 71, Rochester-born, St Paul's graduate who made a small career for himself as a young man in Cambridge (Harvard, Harvard Law School, and secretary to Harvard President James B Conant) before beginning a 34-year stretch as lawyer and business adviser to the Rockefeller brothers, working on projects ranging from rockets to resorts; long a communicant of Christ's Church, Rye, Diocese of New York, and more recently of St John's, Essex, Diocese of Connecticut; from St John's.

† Avis Thayer Bohlen, 68, a Pennsylvanian who as the wife of the late U S Ambassador Charles "Chip" Bohlen presided over the Embassy in Moscow (they met in the Soviet capital in 1934 when she was visiting her brother, Charles, who was military attache) as well as the US residencies in Manila and Paris; from St Paul's, "K" St, Diocese of Washington.

† Grady Long, an ex-GI who worked in the University of Chattanooga library, then took a graduate degree from Emory and was librarian at North Carolina's Greenboro College before returning to his alma mater for a 16-year stint as circulation librarian and was also *Chattanooga Times* book review editor, 1966-80; from Christ Church, Chattanooga, Diocese of Tennessee.

† Hiram Neuwoehner Jr, 61, founder and chief executive officer of Bartz-Hodgson-Neuwoehner, Inc, St Louis advertising firm; a lifelong churchman and president of

the board of *The Episcopalian* from 1974 to 1977; from St Peter's, St Louis, Diocese of Missouri.

† James Jefferson Crawford, 93, a priest for 68 years, who served an area extending 300 miles along the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad with some 42 missions in the then Missionary District of Nebraska; from St Mary's Mission, Bassett, Diocese of Nebraska.

† Mary Parkman Peabody, 89, Boston Brahmin whose graduation from fashionable Miss Porter's School was rewarded with a world cruise on which she met a young missionary priest who was to become her husband and later V Bishop of Central New York (1942-60); mother of five (a son, Endicott, became Governor of Massachusetts and an only daughter, Marietta Tree, a member of the U S delegation to the UN) who was jailed at 72 for leading a sit-in to integrate a St Augustine (Fla) motel dining room. ("We need some old people in this thing," she said. "We are just what they say we are — do-gooders!"); from All Saints, Brookline, Diocese of Massachusetts.

† Frederick Sleight, 62, Corning (N Y)-born, Arizona-educated anthropologist and archaeologist who was director of the Central Florida Museum and Planetarium, Orlando, and also worked in New York, Colorado, and the West Indies, before going to Palm Springs, Calif, in 1965 to head the Desert Museum; from modest quarters in a civic office building he shepherded its development into a \$5.5-million facility that exhibits the special lore of the desert with imaginative flair and scholarship; from St Paul in the Desert, Palm Springs, Diocese of San Diego.

† William Stronach, 61, Rochester-born, Northwestern-educated director of the American College of Radiology whose



quarter century of leadership was recognized with a gold medal—the only other person without medical or scientific degrees besides Marie Curie to be so honored by the college; active in the AMA, he had also served as administrator of the Council of Medical Specialty Societies; from St James the Less, Northfield, Diocese of Chicago.

† Norman Taug, 82, Chicago-born actor who played in 1907's *Good Little Devil* with Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford and went on to win an Academy Award for his 1930 direction of Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan in *Skippy* and followed that in 1938 with his best known film, *Boys Town*, all the while building a reputation for outstanding direction of dogs and children (his secret: chocolate bars as rewards), and who after losing his sight, was for 17 years director of Los Angeles Braille Institute; from All Saints, Beverly Hills, Diocese of Los Angeles.

† Michael Frostick, 61, Sandhurst graduate who authored 34 books on various aspects of motoring and the automobile and was co-presenter of BBC's *Wheelbase* throughout its 11-year run, and who died with his wife in a car crash in France while returning from a Geneva motor show; from St Bride's, Fleet St, Diocese of London.

BY WILL AND DEED

☆ TO ST JAMES', Eureka Springs, Diocese of Arkansas, \$10,000 from the estate of Guy Jeffries, 90, who was baptized and confirmed there at the age of 84.

☆ TO ASCENSION, Sierra Madre, Diocese of Los Angeles, \$80,000 from sale of the home a block from the parish church of Miss Helen Pfleger, 90, a retired teacher. She

also left its contents and since she bought two of everything (never discarding the first), the ECW had what it called "the garage sale of the century."

☆ TO ST MARY'S ABBEY, West Malling, Diocese of Rochester (England), half the residue of the estate of 106,744 pounds of Miss Lucy Margaret Beaufort Moss of the Diocese of Gloucester.

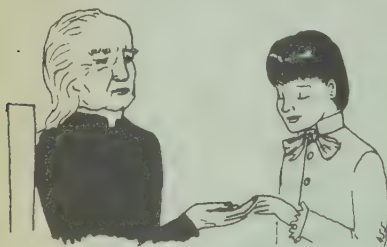
☆ TO ST PAUL'S, Owatonna, Diocese of Minnesota, a small parish in the small downtown area of a small town, \$160,000 from the estate of Miss Rose Mary Crickmore for the endowment fund for the preservation of the church.

☆ TO ST LUKE'S, in the City and Diocese of Springfield (Ill), \$30,000 from Margaret Ferguson, a parishioner for over 50 years and widow of an Air Force officer who, while placing no restrictions on her bequest, asked for "refurbishing where needed, especially dingy restrooms."

☆ TO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH HOME FOR CHILDREN in York, Diocese of Upper South Carolina, \$25,000 from the estate of Mrs John Schreiner Reynolds (Emily Simms Bellinger) who was South Carolina's state librarian for nine years and sponsored and endowed the Southern Studies program of the University of South Carolina. An additional \$100,000 has been received by Trinity Cathedral Foundation, Columbia, SC.

GOLDEN SLIPPER OF QUIET

ONCE UPON a time a head chorister of St Paul's Cathedral was privileged at Christmas-time, to receive 2s 6d from old Dean Gregory. Spruced up for the occasion, the boy entered the august study. The Dean was sitting in complete quiet, dressed in a frock coat and with his silver hair flowing over his shoulders. The



boy recalled: "He held out his hand, in which was the precious addition to my fast-disappearing pocket money, and said, 'Don't say "Thank you." It makes a noise.' "

What a time to live in! No raucous clang of the telephone; no roar of aeroplanes overhead; no hoot of lorries in the street to disturb the peace. Not even the murmured "Thank you" from a choirboy. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin! It seems to have been actually possible. One could live without irritating inter-

ruptions; the gift of quiet was at one's absolute command. One could have the chance of being alone when one did not want the company of others. Today a holiday, now in sight may give me some sort of peace, some sort of quiet, some sort of aloneness.

It has set me meditating on days in the country when one can take the car for a run, get out and stare over a five-barred gate, and be, as Chaucer says, "alone withouten any companye." It is time to stop the mind rattling on, and that is very desirable. "If we have not quiet in our minds," said Bunyan, "comfort will do no more for us than a golden slipper on a gouty foot." I like that. I want to try on the golden slipper of quiet, even for a short time. — "All sorts & conditions" in *Church Times* (London)



In the deserts of the heart / Let the healing fountains start, / In the prison of his days, / Teach the free man how to praise. — *W H Auden, In Memory of W B Yates, lines quoted on Auden's stone unveiled in Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, 2 Oct 1974*

R.S.V.P.

to Society for the Preservation & Encouragement of the Arts & Knowledge [that speak] of
the Church*

- ☐ I want to join the **Episcopal Book Club** and have enclosed my remittance, made payable to SPEAK, in the amount of \$25 (\$30 outside the US). Please start my membership with—

- ☐ *Beyond Belief* (see inside front cover), or
☐ *The Hard Awakening* (Summer '81 selection), or
☐ the Winter 1981 Book-of-the-Season (to be announced)
and as my gift book, please send me:

- ☐ *Grace and Glory*, E L Mascall, or
☐ *A Summary of the Faith*, by C B Moss, or
☐ *The Loneliness of Man*, by Raymond Chapman.

(Check one; subject to stock on hand; substitutes may be sent.)

- ☐ I want to contribute to **The Anglican Digest** \$_____. Contributions are tax deductible. (It costs approximately \$5.00 to print and mail six issues of TAD.)

- ☐ membership(s) in the Episcopal Book Club, and
☐ gift "subscriptions" to **The Anglican Digest**.

(Please list separately; include \$25 per EBC membership [\$30 outside the US]; we'd appreciate a contribution of \$5 [\$6 outside the US] for each TAD "Subscription.")

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TOTAL enclosed \$_____. Please make remittance payable to *SPEAK in US funds. Be sure to include complete names and addresses for all gift memberships and "subscriptions." For your convenience, an envelope is bound in at the centerfold.



EBC READERS' REPORTS



Readers: Fr Simpson, chairman; Kimberly Clark, Lynn Hoke, Fr Fred Jones, Frank McCabe, Elizabeth Sherret, Lucille Zimmermann

ONE MIGHT feel brow-beaten, at the risk of a very bad pun, on completing Fr Robert Brow's *Go Make Learners: A New Model for Discipleship in the Church* (\$5.95, Harold Shaw). Deliberately controversial to promote discussion, it emerges from the Cambridge-educated cleric's eleven years in the Diocese of Lucknow, India, and his more recent terms as a rector of three Canadian parishes — Cavan, Manvers, and St James, Kingston — all in the Diocese of



Toronto . . . *Men Who Made Sewanee* (University Press, Sewanee, TN) a 1932 tribute to pioneering personalities of the University of the South has been updated by historians Arthur Ben and Elizabeth Chitty . . . For detailed methods that personally encourage prayer, Fr Ron DelBerne of Holy

Cross, Trussville (Diocese of Alabama) has been well at work with veteran religious writer Herb Montgomery of Minneapolis to bring us *The Breath of Life: A Simple Way to Pray* (Winston Press) . . . One of EBC's most popular authors is the subject of James Brabazon's biography, *Dorothy L Sayers* (\$14.95, Scribner's); they met in amateur theatrics at St Anne's, Soho, in the city and diocese of London, before he went on to do a life of Schweitzer and became a television producer. A second book, *Dorothy L Sayers: A Literary Biography*, equally readable, comes from Ralph Hone (\$7.95, Kent State University) . . . *Of The Great Beyond: A Personal Approach to Death* by former Trinity College chaplain J Moulton Thomas (\$6.75, Exposition Press), a veteran Hillspeaker comments, "I want it for my own which is most exceptional. I want to read it again — also exceptional. I even think it strengthens my faith, again exceptional."

ACCORDING TO —

- Fr Wyatt Stephens, Holy Communion, Lake Geneva, Diocese of Milwaukee, in Nashotah House Alumni's *Hymn* 598: My personal decision is this: In the future, if I have any complaints about the House I will offer them directly and quietly to those who have the authority to do something about them. If I have any praise, I will do that publicly and as widely as I can.
- Fr Earl Daniels, retired priest-author, on effective sermons: A preacher should begin in time. Write a seed thought upon a piece of paper. Brood upon it. Let the tears of adversity water it, the sap of inspiration flow into it, the sunshine of experience ripen it. And, eventually, the day of maturity will arrive. And that which before was but a green apple will have become the delectable food of salvation.
- Novelist V S Pritchett: We live in a nervous, restless age, ourselves fragmented as we glance at one another. There is no longer a prolonged steady gaze. We are forced to see our own and other people's lives in side glances; we ask for the essence, not the paragraph.
- *The Wall Street Journal*: Space flights have been called the cathedrals of modern man. Detractors

say the money could be better spent on bread and butter rather than on rockets and launch pads or stone and mortar. Yet like cathedrals, space flights are edifices immortalizing man's ingenuity, hard work and sacrifice. How do you quantify an investment in the human spirit?

- Kevin Starr of the *San Francisco Herald Examiner*: It seems to me that newspapers would do well to add to their staffs a recent graduate of a divinity school interested in a career in religious journalism. Such a reporter should be assigned not to the religion page, but to the city desk [and] should be responsible for the development of a religious "beat" in the same manner that other reporters cover politics, real estate, sports and entertainment.

- The Dean of Windsor: There are, thank God, still those — and I number among them the vast majority of the clergy — who deliberately choose for themselves and their families what they know will be a lower economic level than they might individually command by their skills if they were to choose other callings. Sometimes they've been quiet, colorless men with quiet wives. Sometimes they have

been eccentrics, colorful and open to criticism — but they have all this in common: they have been men of God who have proclaimed the Gospel in the manner of their personal lives and those of their families.

• *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*, recently published, writing to Lady Mary Lygon as "Darling Blondie": I think Anglicanism gets a lot of English people to heaven as long as they don't put too much strain on it.



POTPOURRI



IT PRAYS TO ADVERTISE

□ Almighty God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, Wilt Thou speak again Thy Word of Creation and / Let thy Holy Spirit research the hearts of the women of the Episcopal Church for spiritual longing / Let Thy blessed Son Jesus Christ command to you those prepared in physical, mental and emotional health / Let Thy clear call go forth to the Chosen Ones whom You will bring to our Sisterhood / Let Thy Grace move these Chosen Ones to respond with deep abiding Devotion / Let their reward be self-emptying here and complete fulfillment hereafter. —Community of the Way of the Cross, Buffalo, Diocese of Western New York.

MAKES THE HEART SAD

□ At the titles of two London films appropriating occasions and words sacred to Christians and with

ill-timed premiers the week preceding Lent—*The Long Good Friday* in which Agatha Christie's Miss Marples becomes involved with a village peopled with such unlikely folk as Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson; and *Resurrection* where movie-goers find a young widow, played by Ellen Burstyn, possessed of apparently divine powers of healing. A redeeming feature in Burstyn's picture, observes *The Times* of London, is "the bewildered Kansas community sharply sketched."

□ To learn we now have to place jogging ahead of our Lord: "Because the Bishop's visit coincides with the Marathon, in which many of our people are involved, the service will not include a celebration of the Holy Communion." —A discouraged Richmond Episcopalian

□ To read that stained glass removed from Coventry Cathedral

for safekeeping in wartime was later sold in London, an action that cathedral authorities have decided not to protest. The news of the sale came to light, so to speak, when one of the Victorian windows, the Virgin and Child in color against a clear background of diamond-shaped panes, was discovered in a house in Reykjavik, Iceland.

□ To compare the unfortunate translation of Psalm 119:54 from which EBC's fall complimentary book takes its title. The 1928 Prayer Book translation, page 493, is "Thy statutes have been my songs, in the house of my pilgrimage." We turn to the '79 Prayer Book, page 767, which retains the psalm for the same day but seems theologically and poetically to be saying something else with considerable clumsiness: "Your statutes have been like songs to me, wherever I have lived as a stranger."

EXPLAINING WHY

□ Every sick person at St Luke's, Hudson Street, received Holy Communion once a week, at home or hospital. At the early Eucharist on Sunday, an assisting priest would carry the Reserved Sacrament to the Lady Chapel and as he did so the Celebrant would be saying it was being reserved for—and then he would name those who were ill and we would have special prayers for them: that was

our ministry of healing. —*Fr Paul Weed to Archivist of Trinity Church, Wall Street, Diocese of New York*

OPEN THOU OUR LIPS

□ It is the cool blue evening of the vernal equinox, and inside one of the largest cathedrals in the world more than 3,000 people are howling like wolves. There is a seven-second reverberation within the lofty, gray stone interior of New York's Cathedral Church of St John the Divine; as the lupine chorus builds toward its crescendo, the wolf cries become transformed into a vortex of extended swirling sounds, an other-worldly communal howl that seems to come from deep within the cave of time. . . . "When did you last have a good howl?," musician Paul Winter asked the audience and it responded . . . thus perhaps affirming Winter's notion that "We are animals to a far greater extent than we realize." —*Smithsonian*

A POSITIVE COUNT

□ Count your blessings instead of your crosses, / Count your gains instead of your losses, / Count your joys instead of your woes, / Count your friends instead of your foes, / Count your courage instead of your fears, / Count your laughs instead of your tears, / Count your full years instead of your lean, / Count your kind deeds instead of

your mean, / Count your health
instead of your wealth, / Count on
God instead of yourself. —Holy
Comforter, Kenilworth, Diocese of
Chicago

THANKSGIVING

□ Correspondence from Clearlake Highlands, California: I noted the Troy, NY, TADreader who is celebrating her 79th birthday and her 75th anniversary of surviving the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. I just had my 75th birthday and will have my own 75th anniversary of survival for I was an infant in Oakland, just across the bay, and was almost hit by a brick from our chimney when it toppled.

BULLS IN THE BULLETIN



□ Seen on the bulletin board in an English church: "Will ladies kindly empty teapots, rinse 'round and, before leaving, please stand upside down in the sink?" —*All Saints' Sentinel*, Russellville, Diocese of Arkansas

□ From the magazine of the Community of the Glorious Ascension: "Sister Christine has completed her final exams at Hammett Hospital. Please pray for the patients and staff of Ward D1."

□ Stephanie Ann Martin, daughter of the Rev and Mrs Ken Martin of Brownfield, was born 11:10 a.m. in Lubbock . . . She and her

parents were back home in Brownfield at 10:30 a.m. the same day. —*The Adventure*, Diocese of Northwest Texas

□ Today is the Day of Pentecost, Sunday, 7 June 1981. —*From St Alban's, Salisbury, Diocese of Easton*

□ Women of St —'s sent the final check for this year's scholarship aid to our seminarian . . . He will be working in Austin this summer as he studies Greed in preparation for next year. —*Letter from a Texas Churchwoman*

LIVE AND LEARN

□ Was it Churchill or someone equally observant who remarked that Britain and North America only *seem* to be the same because they speak the same language and that otherwise there are vast differences? Seeking completeness in its report of honors heaped on the episcopate, TAD has been enlightened by its questionnaire to seminaries abroad. "Westcott House is not a Faculty and we don't give degrees as such, honorary or otherwise, so I am afraid I have no information to send you," wrote the Acting Principal, Dr John Armson, from his study in Jesus Lane, Cambridge. Consistency of practice was confirmed in a letter from the Rev'd David Wheaton, Honorary Canon of St Albans and Principal of Oak Hill College, Southgate, London:

"Your letter . . . has just reached me, and I ought to point out to you that the seminaries in Britain are not authorized to give Honorary Degrees which may only be awarded by the Universities, or the Council for National Academic Awards. I therefore submit a nil return. With warmest Christian greetings. . . ."

NO JOY IN MUDVILLE

□ Telegram sent from Hamilton to Edmonton two days before the Grey Cup Game: To Bishop Kent Clarke, Edmonton, Alberta: / This Sunday at the football game, / Just don't forget from whence you came, / -The Eskies' hopes will be much slighter / If to our team you'd lift your mitre. / Staff, Niagara Diocesan Church House Telegram received two days after the game: / Friends, I raised my mitre high / One tab fell in the halfback's eye. / Alas it made your wish backfire, / A higher power killed your desire. / For on the national scene today / Some other forces are in the play, / And Central Canada is done, / The West is where the game is won. / †Kent—*Niagara Anglican*

THE MOUTHS OF BABES . . .

□ We watched our newly appointed curate return from being licensed by the Bishop. My son, then aged 4½, announced to the family: "I'm so glad Uncle Charles

has been silenced by the Bishop." —The *Mancroft Review*, Diocese of Norwich, by way of *Church Times*, London

GOOD IDEA

□ As a hedge against complaints about the late arrival of its newsletter, Grace Cathedral Church, San Francisco, Diocese of California, notes alongside the addressee's name: This letter was mailed on (day and date).

COMMUNICATING

□ Be thankful, be silent, be revered, for this is the House of God. Before the service, speak to the Lord. During the service, let the Lord speak to you. After the service, speak to one another. —St Mark's, Jonesboro, Diocese of Arkansas

MORBUS SABBATICUS

□ No suggestion of this disease until Sunday morning and comes very quickly. The disease does not interfere with appetite and never lasts more than 24 hours. The patient awakes as usual, feeling well and eats a hearty breakfast. The attack comes about 9 o'clock and generally lasts until noon. In the afternoon, the patient is much improved. —"Merck's Medical Manual of Church Diseases" via *The Trinitarian*, Holy Trinity, Charleston, Diocese of South Carolina

HIS GRACE ABOUNDING



HE NEW Archbishop of Canterbury is a *darling* man!" exclaimed a woman attending a coffee hour in the Cathedral Church of St Paul, Diocese of Springfield (Ill).

Why such effusive affection for Robert Runcie, a prelate miles away, geographically and ecclesiastically, and but superficially known to all but a relatively few Episcopalians who've seen him in England or on his recent American tour?

"Well," she said, "I was in Canterbury on the Feast of Thomas Becket (29 Dec) when there's a candlelight procession to the Martyr's shrine. The Archbishop saw that someone's candle had gone out and he reached over from the aisle and lit it from his own."

It is such similar, small considerations that people noticed repeatedly during last spring's US visit of the Primate of All England — joyfully giving the deaf the sign of peace at Ames in the Diocese of Iowa; patting a child's head later the same day as he approached the altar at Seabury-Western Seminary. (It had been, in fact, on the morning of that incredibly crowded day that he had stood amid

bales of hay addressing a group of Iowa farmers and, speaking of the young, had brought up his own son and then, suddenly with tears in his eyes, had remembered aloud, "who is 21 today.")

To know Dr Runcie "in the round," as his sculptor Nigel Boonham says, is to see him poised but warmly human in the many situations that only a helter-skelter, three-week tour could provide.

Subtle, but notable, for instance, is his obviously respectful, relaxed relationship with his domestic chaplain, Richard Chartres (Fr Richard John Carew Chartres, 34, who has "lodgings" in the tower above Lambeth Palace's central entrance.) Tall, chubby and a bit balding, Chartres, had an obvious affection for hats — in particular a yellow straw cowboy chapeau; it hadn't been given him in America, he somehow *arrived* with it. Although it was hardly what might be expected of Canterbury clergy, Chartres wore it happily, and obviously with no objections from the boss. On long air trips he felt free to catch a nap as did the Archbishop when paper work was at last cleared from the trays they used as desks.

In Easton, Md, Dr Runcie clambered from a plane to shake hands with a woman from the Standing Committee of the small diocese on Maryland's Eastern Shore. News photos show him giving her complete attention and she is beaming, as the Primate says, "I'm always glad to see women given positions of responsibility in the Church." It was a remark he made often and if it seems a bit patronizing or even an advance attempt to ward off questions on women's ordination, it is nonetheless sincere. It is perhaps germane to remember that in effect he "reports" to three women: wife Lindy who has a loquaciousness that Lambeth's never seen before; most formally and quite frequently to Her Majesty the Queen; and often to the woman who forwarded his name to the Crown, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Of the latter, it is easy to believe that they were Margaret and Bob when involved in undergraduate politics in the Oxford Union.

It was in such an academic setting, when Runcie went to Cambridge for theological training, that he met his future wife. A slim, pert figure, she was with the Archbishop only on the New York and Los Angeles portions of the tour. In the latter city jet fatigue caused her to lean briefly against a pillar of the Biltmore's ballroom. She was at the moment in a re-

ceiving line so long it had eventually to be cut short so that everyone could go in to dinner.

Publicly, the Runcie's have a kidding relationship reminiscent of the Lambeth residents of 20 years ago, Geoffrey and Rosamund Fisher. (At a dinner in New York's Hotel Pierre in the early 60s, Lord Fisher pretended to shield his face from being slapped when he openly joked of his wife's alleged eccentricities.)

In comparison, the Runcies are more forthright and amusingly caustic.

"Thank you for this lovely tray," Lindy responded on receiving a gift from Janice Rusack, wife of the Bishop of Los Angeles. "Its durability will be appreciated because my husband is such a messy eater!"



Moments later, presented with a Steuben vase, Runcie observed that "it seems sturdy enough for even my wife's enormous capacity for breaking things."

Runcie as primate and metropolitan — in the familiar purple cassock of all bishops, rochet and chemise, or ornate cope and miter: those are the public views of an amazingly agile, athletic figure. An impression far less widely seen

is that of Runcie as man's man, especially that chilly spring morning in Iowa when he wore white overalls zippered to the neck, yellow boots, and a yellow visored cap. He readily traded hog talk with a savvy group of breed-

ers, looking every inch the knowledgeable, knockabout gentleman farmer perfectly capable of turning a good profit on sending a pig to

market. It is these moments that one sees in him the World War II tank commander beneath the facade of Lord Archbishop. And it is when he is in the pulpit or at the altar that one senses the caring for others that prompted him, under fire, to pull a comrade to safety from a burning tank.

Runcie is an able pulpit orator, shifting easily from an extemporaneous introduction to prepared remarks. He tends to labor over his manuscript until the last moment like a student with an overdue term paper. The proper, almost stuffy press releases of the Church Information Office often have additions made in his own hand.

Yet for all his capabilities as preacher in great places, as celebrant in intricate and hastily re-

hearsed liturgies, or as unexcelled after dinner speaker, Dr Runcie is at his best in one-to-one relationships — whether with the newest member of a ship's crew (he recently made his first official visit to the Royal Navy) or the president of the World Bank at a Washington luncheon table. It was, incidentally, the visit with such economists as Robert McNamara and Casper Weinberger, himself an Episcopalian, that Runcie savored and referred to repeatedly in subsequent addresses. His mind is that of the practical theologian who readily connects the Gospel with the complexities of international needs.

The one-to-one relationship — the tutor in his study — that is the true Runcie discerned by most Archbishop watchers. He is forever referring to former teaching posts and students as the part of his life he seems most reluctant to leave behind. The very smell of students — alert, questioning, responsive — made it obvious that it was in the groves of academe where the Archbishop longed to linger.

Nearing his 60th birthday on 2 Oct, he took his 7,000-mile trip in stride. He'd mapped out most of the schedule and he stuck to it cheerfully, spared only now and then by the PB or others who would quietly cancel a meeting or extra visit. Still, Runcie kept to a killing pace, always in good humor



and always diplomatically answering even the most loaded questions.

Seemingly unselfconscious, he was never forgetful of the dignity and reasoned thought expected of the holder of the office that is at the very center of the Anglican Communion.

The final fatigue, stretching out on the Concorde after the last good-bye to the Presiding Bishop, must have been that of an encom-

passing weariness — something that the PB himself would have well understood. Somewhere aboard the plane, amongst the trunkful of trinkets and trophies he had accumulated, was most surely what the English call a “press cutting” from the *Washington Post*. It was the story that appeared with a huge headline on the final day of his Washington visit: **THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN ARCH-BISHOP.**

Indeed! —JBS†

Ernest John Tinsley, VI Bishop of Bristol, England, responded to an invitation from Bristol, Ind (the Parish of St John of the Cross) to unveil a marker declaring the church's place on the National Register of Historic Places. After its cornerstone was laid by Jackson Kemper in 1843, it was mainly through the efforts of one woman parishioner that a bell forged in Troy, NY, was delivered by stage-coach to Bristol in 1850; it still rings every Sunday morning over the churchyard (oldest in the Diocese of Northern Indiana) that includes the graves of the donor and several parish priests.

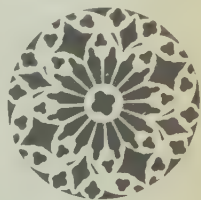
WE RECOMMEND

§ As a basic guide to establishing and maintaining a parish library: Ordering a copy of Charles C. Brown's "The Small Church Library" directly from Forward Movement Publications, 412 Sycamore St, Cincinnati, OH 45202. Single copies of the little (31 pages) booklet are \$1.45, including postage. Not available in bookstores or through *The Anglican Digest*.

§ To early Christmas shoppers alert for unusual items:

Writing to the innovative new gift shop of New York's Cathedral

Church of St John the Divine (1047 Amsterdam Ave, New York City 10025) for a price list that includes chocolate cathedrals, several sizes of blue prints of engaging interest, handcarved paperweights, and rose-window coasters.



Richard Holloway, in *Beyond Belief*

Best Quotes From His New Book

On righteousness: God is waiting eagerly to respond with new strength to each little act of self-control, small disciplines of prayer, feeble searching after Him. And His children shall be filled if they will only hunger and thirst after what he offers.

On Robert Kennedy's assassination: *Pity has always seemed to me to be one of the loveliest words in any language, and it seemed to be the thing lacking at that turbulent time. Nor is it today a characteristic of our society.*

On heresy: We tend to think heretics are daring and adventurous, held back by the timid conformity of the narrowly orthodox. It is just about as complete a reversal of fact as you can get. It is precisely the width and excitement of orthodoxy that offends the narrow, unimaginativeness of the heretic.

On sharing God's forgiveness: . . . *A forgiven sinner (has) the strong unassailable security of one who knows that God knows about him and yet accepts him — not because he is a plastic saint, but because — well, because God loves him. That inner security, based as it is upon self-knowledge, makes the Christian considerate of others, patient with them, understanding, the very opposite of the moral bully.*

On divine comfort: We conquer sorrow not by vanquishing it but by befriending it. The end is not yet but the end is love and even now love grows out of sorrow. That is God's way, the way of the Cross.

On the Sermon on the Mount: *What matters enormously is that we have here a piece of sustained teaching which is gripping in its intensity, and which has captured the heart and imagination of history, though men and women have admired it far more than they have attempted to follow it.*

On virtues: . . . Simplicity, clarity, singleness. These are the attributes which give our lives power and vividness and joy as they are also the marks of great art. They seem to be the purpose of God for His whole creation.

Richard Holloway, in Beyond Belief

Quotes Others In His New Book

Anglican theologian F D Maurice: *Men are usually right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny.*

C S Lewis: As to why God does not make his existence demonstratively clear: are we sure that He is even interested in the kind of Theism which would be a compelled logical assent to a conclusive argument? How could an idiotic universe have produced creatures whose mere dreams are so much stronger, better, subtler than itself?

St Athanasius: *The creeds are signposts against heresy.*

Pastor Reinhold Niebuhr: Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible; but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary.

St Thomas More, on his martyrdom: *Is not this house as nigh heaven as my own? I pray you, master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and my coming down let me shift for myself. . . . Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short; take heed therefore thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty.*

Novelist Evelyn Waugh: Pray always for all the learned, the oblique, the delicate. Let them not be quite forgotten at the Throne of God when the simple come into their kingdom.

Plato: *It seems to me, Socrates, as to you also, I fancy, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, in this present life to have clear knowledge . . . but that, on the other hand, it is the mark of a faint-hearted spirit to desist from examining all that is said about them in every way, or to abandon the search so long as there is any chance of light anywhere.*

John Henry Cardinal Newman: If we insist on proofs for everything, we shall never come to action: to act you must assume, and that assumption is faith.

Mark Twain: *It wasn't the bits of the Bible he didn't understand that bothered him; it was the bits he did understand.*

QUARTER WATCH



Two new dioceses have been carved from the two Zimbabwean dioceses of Mashonaland and Matabeleland: in the eastern part of the country a section of Mashonaland has become the Diocese of Manicaland, taking over much of the "missionary" area of the former undivided diocese; the other, formed out of Matabeleland, is the Diocese of the Lundi, in the mid-lands area of the country.

¶ Thomas Dale Ledbetter, 43, an attorney and communicant of St John's, Harrison, recently received the St George Award "for outstanding service in the spiritual development of Episcopal youth in the Scouting program." Presented by the Bishop of Arkansas, it is the first given in the diocese and the 55th nationwide since its establishment by the Episcopal Advisory Committee on Scouting in 1978.

¶ From St Bartholomew's Day 1981 (24 Aug), the Church of England in Australia will be called *The Anglican Church of Australia*.

¶ Holy Communion, Memphis, Diocese of Tennessee, celebrated its 30th anniversary by deeding the land upon which the buildings of Holy Apostles rest to its former parochial mission.

¶ St John the Evangelist, Casablanca, Morocco (Diocese of Gibraltar), celebrated its 75th anni-

versary in the spring with recollections of a native sexton who had been taken captive by raiders — but not before he had buried the church plate in the garden, and with thanksgiving for its present chaplain, Canon Cecil Green, who has ministered there for 45 years.

¶ An EBC author, Prof Paul Maier of Western Michigan University, recently wrote TAD's Father Founder, "after years of your inquiries about my SS Peter and Paul novel to pick up where *Pontius Pilates* [EBC, Spring '70] left off, Doubleday brought out *The Flames of Rome* in July. It finally weighed in at 451 pages, so enthralling was the era!"

¶ It's a curious satisfaction to TAD that the bride of the year was baptized Diana Frances — one more instance of the widespread use of the name of the Saint from Assisi, subject of EBC's all-time popular selection, *The Francis Book* (Winter '80). A year ago EBC sent special notices of the book to a total of 108 parishes of that dedication in the US, Canada and Britain, as well as 685 priests bearing the name.

¶ A parish-owned family crucifix is handed about from one family to another at St Thomas', Linden, Diocese of Johannesburg, as a focus of family prayers; each family takes it home for a week at a time, passing it on the following Sunday to the next in line.



Fr Holloway's caricature
in his parish magazine.

(Continued from inside front cover)

Undergirding Fr Holloway's title are three sectional headings — The Adventure of Faith, The Wisdom of God, and The Blessings of the Future. Ten chapters and prologue are skillfully set within a context of 59 references to seven Old Testament books and 14 New Testament gospels or epistles.

"Excellent reading," wrote a layman on our review board. "It will give the answers to faith about which many are concerned. It certainly opened some new directions in my own beliefs which had not been consciously sought but were good to think through."

Another reader, who had used an earlier Holloway book in study group, found that she wanted to own and underline *Beyond Belief*.

"It spoke to my flashes of atheism," she reported frankly, "contrasting 'what if there *is* no God' with 'what if the Word *was* made flesh?' It said many new things to me about heresy and suffering — and how to gain a life of future blessedness."

At 47, Fr Holloway is not marking a watershed in his ministry with his book. It stands alone but is nonetheless a portent of brilliance that may realistically be expected from a disciplined, down-to-earth priest capable of bringing himself and his people — parishioners in a grand old parish and EBC readers as well — to experiences beyond belief.

HILLSPEAK NEEDS HELP: Many of you who have been to see us this summer or in past years will recall the big red barn and surrounding buildings that give us space to spread out and do our work as well as possible. But we are learning that space, even in the Ozarks' high meadows, is increasingly costly to maintain. Moreover, our printing and paper costs have been rising steadily. At best, TAD and EBC do well to keep in the black; little else is left to keep us in bread and board — plus our deepest desire to serve the Church by securing more and more readers. Our main expenses are the trinity of the three P's — Printing, Production and Postage. Please be as generous as you can. It is deductible now and creditable in Heaven — and God knows your signature.



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BERKELEY CA 94709